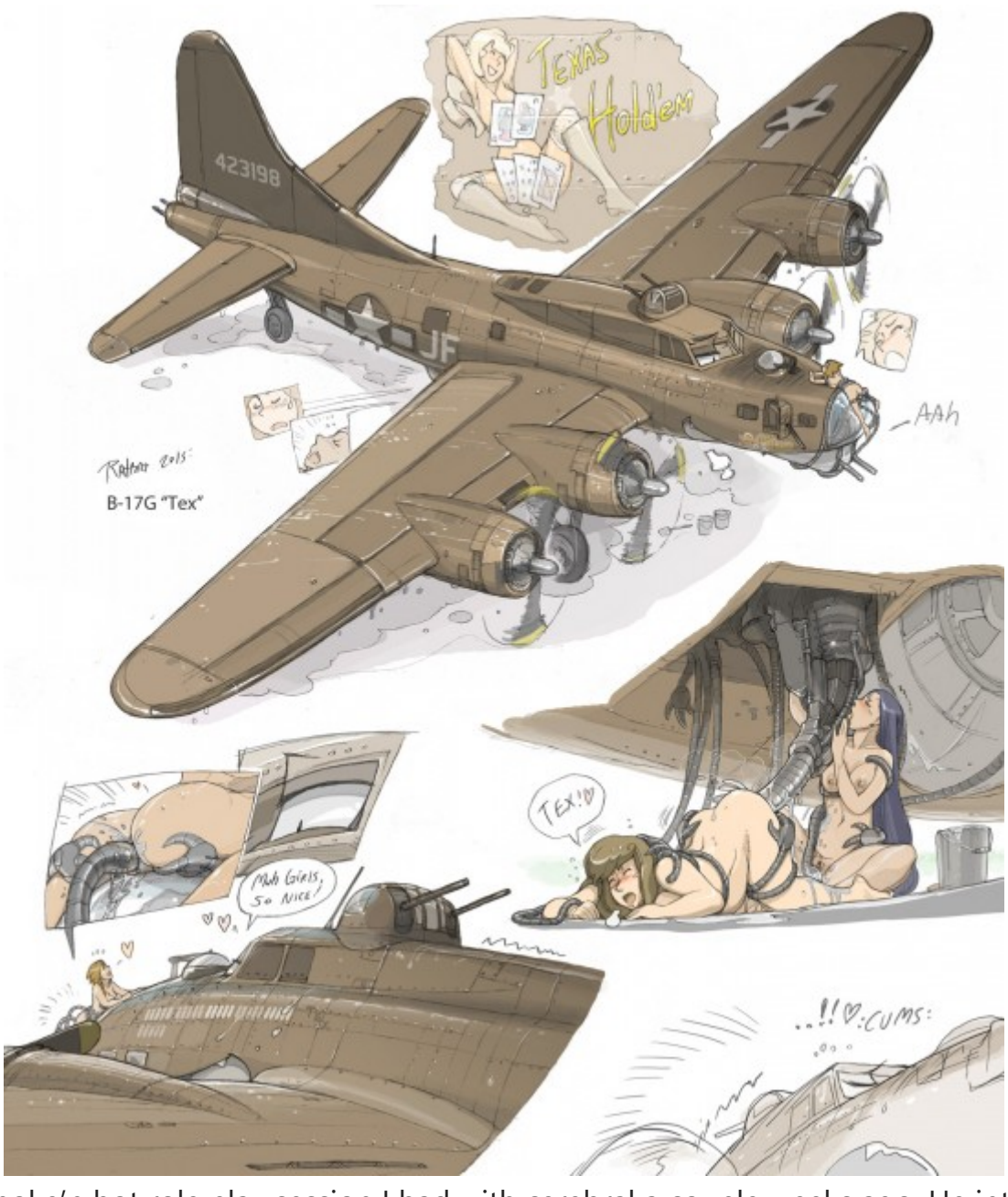
Texas hold’em

January 17, 2015 by Ratbat



This picture was the product of a smoke’n hot role play session I had with cerebral a couple weeks ago. He intends to make it into a fleshed out story but until then I will post the RP that we had for your enjoyment soon. This big guy “Tex” so named for his nose art (Texas Hold’em) befriends 3 women who become his ground service crew and they all Lust after him.

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[1/2/15, 3:57:26 PM] RATBAT: it was a calm spring day on the tarmac, This place was the Littlefield military history museum’s Aerial wing and it was closed for holiday. Only technicians (machine doctors) and the machines that lived there in the compound would be sunning themselves on the tarmac. The place was far away from the freeway and from most prying eyes, but not far from the touch of the few devoted humans who volunteered themselves to the old veterans now awakened as living machines in the world
[1/2/15, 3:59:02 PM] RATBAT: The place housed 40 residents not including the tanks/trucks/half-tracks and other fighting vehicles who had free run of the other side of the long airport-like museum.
[1/2/15, 3:59:59 PM] RATBAT: everyone here , got a stipend from the government if they greed to remain as living museum pieces to educate the remainder of the human population about early technological advancements and the horrors of war.
[1/2/15, 4:01:11 PM] RATBAT: none of these machines remembered there time in that war over a hundred years ago by now.. but they were knowledgeable none the less of maintained service records and kills, miles flown, paint schemes in old photos.. the works
[1/2/15, 4:03:09 PM] RATBAT: Living and working at the museum was often boring.. that is, until someone got frisky. no one was spared the insatiable desire for physical contact, not even the old bombers who hung low on there landing gears hoping the people would give them a rubdown over sensitive wiring and panels.
[1/2/15, 4:04:48 PM] RATBAT: it was so bad sometimes the machines would beg the humans to stay the night.. watch movies with them… sleep with them.. anything to break the monotony
[1/2/15, 4:07:48 PM] RATBAT: in the breezy morning on the tarmac, an old brown B-17 sporting vintage decals raised his body up to feel the air and prepared for a wash down by a defacto “pit crew” of weekend technicians who flocked to this establishment just to be close with a living piece of history
[1/2/15, 4:10:05 PM] RATBAT: when one got close.. hed bend his frame to meet their small wonderful bodies and brush against them in some way. The girls knew he had “habits” but he was a really nice guy, so they set about encouraging his excitement with kisses and provocative body

motions.
[1/2/15, 4:10:11 PM] RATBAT: mmm..
[1/2/15, 4:10:20 PM] RATBAT: (I don't even have a name for this guy)
[1/2/15, 4:17:04 PM] CerebralError: (Tex. His nose art is of a pinup girl with two decks of cards covering her 'modesty' with the words Texas Hold' Em! So, Tex for short.)
[1/2/15, 4:32:19 PM] RATBAT: (girls moaning huh yes Tex! fuck me please! yes Tex!"
[1/2/15, 4:32:28 PM] RATBAT: and him smiling
[1/2/15, 4:33:09 PM] RATBAT: (the machines aren't modest about sex like humans are, for them.. its a natural thing even if they aren't exactly natural)
1/2/15, 4:39:14 PM] CerebralError: (Okay, let me read over your post again. What are the names of the girls?)
[1/2/15, 4:40:00 PM] RATBAT: "April, may, and June"
[1/2/15, 4:40:01 PM] RATBAT: lol
[1/2/15, 4:40:31 PM] CerebralError: (XD Alright.)
[1/2/15, 4:41:07 PM] RATBAT: pretend they are nicknames
[1/2/15, 5:00:40 PM] CerebralError: Tex sighed pleasantly from the combination of warm sun on his broad wings and tail and the feeling of the three beautiful women that graced his old fuselage with their presence. He could feel the brushes and rags scrubbing along his old airframe, cool water trickling down onto the warm tarmac, evaporating under the sun. Every now and then one of the girls would steal a kiss along his body, April placed one along his cockpit housing as she stood on his wing. May stood on a stepladder beneath him, sneaking in a little kiss on the flat side of his chin turret. June was down by the ball turret, just behind his bomb bay. Of them all, her touches were by far the most stimulating, and made him grunt and wiggle his massive tail. "Now, ladies…" He spoke in a pleasant southern Drawl, giving his full name 'Texas' a bit more weight behind it. "Ahm sure y'all can't wait to get your hands on all this, but there's plenty a' me to go 'round…" He growled playfully, those massive, turbo supercharged engines on his wings giving a firm cough. His whole airframe vibrated slightly, the plane shifting slightly on his landing gear, grinning as he looked out at his trio of caretakers. And they -were- his. They were only assigned to him, he'd checked that. He was also sure that they didn't have any boyfriends or husbands on the side – he'd made a favor of one of the helicopters that still made regular flights to check up on them. These were -his- girls, and he'd treat them like he'd once treated his old crew, putting their lives ahead of his own if he had to.

[1/2/15, 5:11:37 PM] RATBAT: Between Kisses, the lovely June had glided her fingertips into his delicate crevasses. Her, like the other women.. couldn't understand this lovely attraction to the bigger machines. Something about it still felt taboo even though Tex was legally a "man" . His big powerful body and the strum of his 4 powerful "heartbeats" vibrating through her fingertips. He was right, there was enough of him to go around, especially considering that Tex's desire was as big as his wingspan. "I love your accent Tex, what was it like over in Houston? " the girls made small talk and giggled whenever someone touched something they perhaps should touch even more.. The plane folk, like the other machine folk revved up their RPMs whenever excited . April was the tallest and had a little bit of muscle on her, when she stood on his tail she could lean over to meet his side gaze and gauge weather or not the scrub job was sufficient.
[1/2/15, 5:13:42 PM] RATBAT: May could barely hold back- she was the littlest of the 3 and want to put Tex in her mouth, in her body somehow.. She dripped with pheromones but kept as quiet and serious as one would expect of the beefeaters in Britain . before long soap fell upon her breasts and she rubbed her chest against his ball turret and under hull while she kissed. A sponge bath fit for a king.
[1/2/15, 5:14:29 PM] RATBAT: "I hear Bombers got a lot of women back in the old days.. the humans ..I wonder how much you would have gotten."
[1/2/15, 5:17:20 PM] RATBAT: May was going to refill the bucket with soap but she dropped the bottle of solution and leaned over provocatively grinding her ass against his glass. One would think that deep down everyone was both excited and terrified, maybe even a little bit lonely. In the future they lived in, it was hard for anyone to find a date..
[1/2/15, 5:19:08 PM] RATBAT: June perked up from pressing her forehead against his body to feel its vibrations, "Tex lemmie.. lemmie please you." April times in, "Yeah! tell us what you want tex, we'll do it."
[1/2/15, 5:21:55 PM] RATBAT: April dropped her workman's coveralls to reveal what the old Bomber already knew- she wasn't wearing anything underneath. She looked at him seductively and he looked back. The trucks and half tracks would blow their engine blocks with jealously if they ever decided to wheel their lazy asses over her and see what was going on.
[1/2/15, 5:58:34 PM] CerebralError: Tex's engines coughed again, one of his props blurring into near invisibility for a second, black smoke puffing from beneath the cowling, leaving stains on the freshly cleaned wing. The B-17 shuddered from his plexiglass nose to his towering tail fin as June slipped her fingers in the seam between the ball turret and his fuselage, and he was very careful to keep from moving it, not wanting to catch her fingers in there. He panted, his hot breath washing over May's soapy breasts. Even though he couldn't see her, he could sense her, feel her, -smell- her. The woman was practically gushing with lust, the scent driving the old bomber wild. "It was much warmer than it is here, and Ah didn't have y'all lovly ladies to take care a' me there…" He said, a panel opening just in front of his bomb bay, the familiar sight of flexible manipulator arms sliding out, the moving towards May, who was the closest to them. "A'course, Ah could fly y'all there…find some ol' private runway, spend the rest a' our lives there…" He closed his eyes and let out a hearty sigh at the thought of the girls in Daisy Dukes and bikini tops…or even less… He glanced over at April as she undressed herself on his wing, his eyes sparkling eagerly. His engines roared again, scattering dust behind him on the tarmac. "Well, y'all could start by followin' April's lead here…" His manipulator hands slip up to May's shoulders, metallic fingers pinching the straps of her coveralls and tugging them off the sides of her shoulders and down her arms, letting her hefty chest come bouncing out. Down by his ball turret, another port opened just in front of it, the plane's shaft starting to emerge. It was already dripping with excitement, silvery droplets pattering on the tarmac beneath it. Smooth and metallic at the tip, it became more mechanical the base, almost becoming a series of pipes and wires as it disappeared inside him. "June, darlin', would ya' mind takin' care of that?"

[1/2/15, 6:03:45 PM] CerebralError: (Fun fact, the B-17 was dubbed the 'Flying Porcupine' by the Luftwaffe because it had so many guns.)
[1/4/15, 10:03:53 PM] RATBAT: [1/2/15, 6:20:38 PM] RATBAT: ;;June didn't skip a beat. she practically stumbled over herself to get at his most sensitive metallic parts. remembering all of those lovely pictures she had scene of him flying and bombing and his lovely southern drawl she wanted nothing more then to hear his engine sputter and roar. The old prop engine folk tend to spin there props full speed causing a gale force wind before they climaxed- it was the most exciting part and all 3 o them knew the sound would be utterly deafening. ;;she took him into her warm slick hands and felt the aliens of his heavy machine cock. the segments, the indentations and coils, the tubes.. she caressed it.. felt it.. needed it. It throbbed in her hand- all 18 inches of it. the most these girls could take was 7-8 inches, but it still felt tight and hot to ol' Tex who passionately coiled a tendril around the back of Junes head while she palmed him. "Oh tex.. you've spring a hot leak. We've gotta do something.."
[1/2/15, 6:24:16 PM] RATBAT: May now freshly naked dragged her tongue along the underside of his wing headed to his ball turret almost shaking with joy. Tex's tendrils where especially attentive to the "small one" and wrapped a mechadendrite or 4 under her heavy breasts to feel the softness and the weight of them. she leaned down next to June and took the B-17's big tip into her mouth. It oozed with silvery heat and she struggled to suck and stroke him into her little mouth.
[1/2/15, 6:26:45 PM] RATBAT: ;;her hands glided up his segmented shaft as if to feed him into her lips. when she couldn't handle it anymore she got on all fours next to June and pushes her face down on the wet tarmac with her ass in the air. ;;Junes own hand ventured down south to touch herself till tex's own tendril coiled and pulled her fingers away from her flush bead- her clitoris. (no- that would be saved for him.)
[1/2/15, 6:27:39 PM] RATBAT: Like all machines, they didn't like their mates to masturbate next to them. it was like 'stealing their job away from them. their personal pleasure.
[1/2/15, 6:30:54 PM] RATBAT: April got naked without a moments thought and climbed over the bombers canopy to kiss around his eyes and mouth his rivet lines. her thighs and butt were so toned for a female, it was unusual but nevertheless Te had tasted and drank from her sweet waters many times before. the thought made his tail rudder wiggle like a dog wags his tail
[1/2/15, 6:32:22 PM] RATBAT: "I love you Tex" ;;she moaned and sucked on his armor, positively drowned out by the increasing rumbles the wily old bomber torqued up.
[1/2/15, 6:34:06 PM] RATBAT: May spread her cheeks apart and backed into Tex's flared tip. He was so big it would take additional effort from the large machine to make things more comfortable. She was the smallest and tightest.. but her opening quivered to feel stretched around him. she moaned. "Please tex….please…"

[1/2/15, 7:02:47 PM] CerebralError: Tex groaned as June's hands grasped his shaft, her hands instantly getting covered in the thick, silvery fluid. Both engines on his right wing were roaring away now, propellers spinning at idling speed, pressing his right tire against the pavement as it tried to push him forward. "Ah'll have to leave it in 'yer capable hands, June…" Tex grinned, baring his sharp teeth for a moment. While he wasn't as nimble as one of the fighters, he was still one of the sky's predators, and the numerous gun turrets he sported proved to give any fighter plane a run for its money if it chose to tangle with it in midair. His cock throbbed and spurted softly, spattering warmly on May's face as she kneeled down to service him. More dendrites spooled down, wrapping around May's breasts and thighs, a hand stroking June's back. A plane of his size was able to produce plenty of cum, leaking down May's chin and splattering heavily on her breasts. The bomber creaked and groaned as he felt her little tongue flicking against the tip of his shaft, and then she pulled away from him. But he knew what she was doing, and soon he felt her hips pressing against his tip, wriggling with need. Any human would find himself overwhelmed, but even at his age Tex had no problem with handling all three of them. He probably could have handled a few more, to be honest, but this way he could give loving attention to all of them, without anyone feeling left out. He snatched June's hand away from her pussy, even as April climbed up on top of his nose, straddling him. His eyes were drawn hungrily to the slit between the toned woman's thighs, a few more dendrites curling up from beneath the chin turret to slither up her legs.

With his wings clear, the remaining two propellers blared into motion, the old bomber straining at his brakes, also serving to press his heavy shaft against May's tight, wet cunt. The dendrites around her legs tightened slightly, a pleasant squeeze, as two thicker hands emerged to grip her waist, pressing her back further onto his shaft. One inch, two inch, deeper and deeper. Slowly at first. Another dendrite slithered between June's thighs, teasing the sensitive nub of her clitoris, as the hand on the back of her head pushed her face close to his shaft again.

April continued to grind herself against his cockpit, right in front of his eyes. Tex panted lewdly now, his gray tongue hanging out slightly as he picked April up with ease. He maneuvered her body down, pressing the cool glass of his nosecone between her thighs, before he swung her underneat the chin turret to his mouth. Without waiting a moment longer, he slathered his tongue between her legs, up her stomach, and to her breasts. More manipulators held her comfortably in place, as his tongue slurped back down, beneath her ass, and then plunging the tip – just as thick as his cock – into her pussy.

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[1/2/15, 7:26:08 PM] RATBAT: June positively feasted on the base of Tex bomber cock feeling the throbbing reverberate down his sensitive shaft. She felt him grow hotter in her lips and hands and positively enjoyed laying in the shadow of big dangerous machine silhouette. He wasn't human- but he was still all man. the women where too drunk with desire to notice he was clenching his breaks to keep from catapulting down the runway from all the expenditure of energy behind his turboprops. "How does this feel tex.. hows this?" Tex's fluids dripped off her chin as she came up for air. From this vantage point she could see part of tex's excited member disappear into May who bit her lip and cried out at the slight pain and feel of being pumped full with heavy silvery pre. his own tendrils joined in to spread her wide for him-so he could disappear into and feel her clench around his throbbing mass . When he couldn't fill her anymore, he would pull back slightly and then force forward to build up a pleasant rhythm.
[1/2/15, 7:29:37 PM] RATBAT: April clenched he powerful thighs against his body while Tex's tongue venture over and under and between her warm core. She cried out "yes! Oh God! yes".. to a low moan..
[1/2/15, 7:32:11 PM] RATBAT: with one half of his sensitive probe in the mouth of a beautiful eager woman, and the other half of his cock buried deeply in another- the sheer stink of pheromones overwhelmed his olfactory sensors and the send waves of hot stimulation up into his central core to be enjoyed by his systems.
[1/2/15, 7:35:27 PM] RATBAT: April moans "How do i taste my sweet bomber?" While May, face planted against the ground grits her teeth and pants like a dog at the wonderful pulse pounding speed tex was kicking up against her vagina. it made a wet squelching noise and spurts of silver forced out of her opening when he forced deep inside. a waterfall of steaming silver liquid formed between Tex ball turret and both women. "Please don't stop Tex. please.."
[1/7/15, 9:34:48 PM] RATBAT: The thick, heavy shaft vibrated inside her, the echoes of 4,800 horsepower feeling better than any vibrator ever could. And no vibrator had Tex's length and girth, or made her feel so full and warm. Mercury cum spilled from between her legs, squirting around his shaft as he drove it deeper inside of her. The bomber was straining, almost leaning forward into her. Two metal hands spread her cheeks, pushing her a little farther back on his shaft and stretching her as far as she could go. His cum pulsed against the very depths of her womb, gushing out between them. Tex pulled back out almost to the tip, leaving May feeling empty inside again, until his next thrust pushed back in entirely. There was still ten inches of his shaft exposed to the air, and that was in June's very capable hands and mouth. Her stimulation to his cock only made the amount of cum pulsing into May's pussy increase. Both women would be feeling the effect by now, that

delightful tingle spreading through their nerves, pulsating in their brains. Even April, who was only being slathered by his tongue, would be feeling euphoric as it seeped in through her skin, and when she suckled on the very tip of his tongue, which was more than enough to fill her mouth. He couldn't respond to June or April with his mouth full, but the heavy shudders and the howling of his props would be indication enough of just how much he enjoyed it. The wind dried the sweat and water from May and June's skin, like a giant fan, while the air smelled heavily of his exhaust. Again and again, Tex pulled May's hips against his cock, pushing as deep as he could. The puddle beneath them was large enough that May's breasts smeared into it, her nipples leaving little lines in the silvery fluid. He skidded forward on his brakes slightly, managing to slip another inch inside of her, more than she had ever taken of him before. His engines howled at maximum output, the roar given off by those four radials able to be heard across all of Littlefield. Tex howled himself, his shaft throbbing again and again as more and more cum pulsed inside her, more than she could ever hope to contain, and so it poured out between them in messy, silvery ropes.

The bomber shivered again, panting against April's cunt, his hot breath rolling over her sweaty body, as he gently slipped May off his nearly steaming cock, caressing her with his tendrils, running his fingers through her hair. There was a whining sound of hydraulics, and the doors to his bomb bay popped open slightly. Instead of dropping open entirely, they only spread wide enough for a dendrite to dip inside and pull out a body pillow. Setting it on the tarmac beneath him, he cradled May's body and set her down on it, rubbing her belly gently as her turned his sexual attentions back to June. The tendril stimulating her clit and pussy was joined by a second, and a third, the dendrites coiling around one another like a cable. He plunged it into her sex, far more flexible than his cock was, able to coil and loop around and do all sorts of -incredible- things that no human could ever hope to accomplish.
[1/2/15, 8:32:28 PM] RATBAT: June looked back at the screaming damn near multi-orgasmic spectacle of what had befallen tex's lovely assault on May's pussy and her subsequent tap out as she lay cushioned and caressed gently by the big plane. The B-17's turned his attentions to the 2 woman warriors who were left to tackle this beast. April had come to really enjoy the articulate flicks and pushes of tex's bizarre metal tongue as it tasted and exploded her deaths. She felt so full from him , and the muscles in her abdomen pulsed to the delight that was his tip against her G-spot. No coherent words could escape her lips.. she simply remain face and forehead pressed against his glass and tendrils securing her back and arms to her sides. she just had to take it.. to feel it. the heat and devotion coming from ol' tex. June's knees weekend and she nearly fell over from the assault on her nethers. His tendril jack hammered and teased so that she would be very wet for him.. this was working to great affect because June could no longer hold her own head and shoulder sup, she was putty in his manipulator arms.
[1/2/15, 8:33:09 PM] RATBAT: F– f.. ;;she hissed and grinder her forehead against the pavement;; "fuck me Tex."
[1/2/15, 8:33:43 PM] RATBAT: her ass now raised into the air in a similar fashion the way may's had, throbbing and ready for his girth.
[1/7/15, 9:35:18 PM] RATBAT: Tex teased June relentlessly, using those braided manipulators to bring her to the edge of climax, then stop, only to repeat the process until she was a quivering, almost speechless mess. When she presented her ass to him, he shook his head slightly, pulling the coiled dendrites out with a wet slurping sound, lifting June up off her hands and knees and spinning her over so that she was on her back, laying in the warm pool of silvery cum. A few of his dendrites supported her so he wasn't raking her back and forth on the tarmac. His shaft quivered above her, another dollop of silvery cum dribbling down onto her belly, pooling in her bellybutton. He lifted her hips up, his shaft pressing against her entrance…but he didn't push himself inside of her. Instead, he rubbed his tip against her entrance, and then slid it up over her groin and onto her belly, gliding her along until his shaft touched her breasts, leaving a great smear of his excitement along her front. He exhaled, pulling back until he was at her entrance again, rubbing her and teasing her, before he slid his shaft along her belly again. "Ya seem to have sprung a leak yerself there, June…" He rumbled huskily, taking a momentary break from tonging April's pussy. Her juices dribbled down to the ground, smeared along the underside of his fuselage. "Ah think Ah can plug it, but Ah'm afraid yer gonna have to ask." He continued to gently tend to May's body, lightly touching her belly, her breasts, her pussy, drawing out her afterglow for as long as possible as he satisfied these two other women.
[1/7/15, 9:35:27 PM] RATBAT: Tex finally obliged the needy woman, sinking his shaft into her pussy. Hers was more easily accomidating than May's, and the amounts of lubrication meant that he glided in with relative ease, feeling her walls clenching around his length as he pushed in, five inches, six inches, all the way up to nine inches. He bounced her firmly on his cock, his larger hands holding her firmly as he bore down on her. The ball turret whined, the hefty 'Cheyenne-style' tail's rudder and elevators pivoted back and forth, his flaps and ailerons extending to their maximum positions. His engines howled deafeningly loud, gusting past them as he continued to buck into her, tweaking at her nipples with two of his dendrite tips. He slid into her until she could hold no more of him, their essense mixing and gushing out of her, down her ass, dripping onto the floor. Again, the great bomber grit his teeth and hunched up, empyting a heavy, warm load inside a human's pussy, filling June up like only he could. Even the bomber was starting to get a little winded, but he still had more than enough energy for April, who was already a quivering mess from his oral attentions during this. As he slid out of June, a thick spurt of his cum jetted from her as her quivering muscles clenched on open air. Again his bomb bay popped open, and he pulled out another pillow, setting it down under his other wing for June, setting her down on top of it and giving her the same tender ministrations he was giving May.

Finally, it was April's turn, the toned, athletic woman…her skin shining with sweat as he lowered her from his mouth, transferring her from one set of dendrites to the next. He didn't wait for her to ask, he didn't wait for her to beg. He wanted her to -scream-. Scream his name so that the world could hear it over his powerful Cyclone engines. Dendrites spread her legs wide, and he shoved his length into her without preamble. He clutched her to his fuselage, humping at her as best as his rigid airframe would allow. Of them all, April had been able to take the most of his length inside her – she'd been practicing for him, after all – and he was going to put that practice to use, fitting in every inch that he could.
[1/2/15, 9:37:30 PM] RATBAT: oh man..
[1/2/15, 9:37:34 PM] RATBAT: this bomber is so lucky
[1/2/15, 9:37:41 PM] CerebralError: (^-^)
[1/2/15, 9:37:48 PM] CerebralError: (He certainly is!)
[1/2/15, 9:43:39 PM] RATBAT: With nothing left to tie back his speech all the women could hear his grunts and moans. most of it translated into engine revs over gale force winds. None even cared who saw, it just felt natural and good. April squeezed the B-17's pulsing hot shaft within her

becoming quite high and tingly . head head flew back and her eyes shut tight. her teeth bared and her tongue stuck out. UAAHH!!! AGH' she sounded as he pounded her little body against his ball. he could feel from his seniors that her hear beat was elevated, her breathing was sporadic, her brainwave patterns alight. She really Did enjoy him.. and hopefully soon, these women would truly accept him accept a bond with one perhaps.. a family perhaps.. The machine despite just recently being reborn, was still an old and one of the few few of his kind left. This anxiety and desire permitted through much of all post cold war and earlier machines. So he fucked her, fucked her like he hungered to keep her. "My love.." her toes curled.

[1/2/15, 9:45:34 PM] RATBAT: the tendrils that caressed the women, became in turn caressed by the females as well. both tired and panting, they asked, 'cum for us tex.. ;;pant;; we want to hear your joy.."
[1/2/15, 9:46:41 PM] RATBAT: April nipped at one of his tendrils and kissed his hull. a strong feeling growing in he belly. she would cum soon if Tex's relentless assault continued on. She could barely endure such power.
[1/2/15, 9:47:14 PM] RATBAT: "I am yours tex. Cum in me.. enjoy me.."
[1/2/15, 9:51:21 PM] RATBAT: May and June raised their arms up to touch his wing, or get him to slower it slightly so they could feel it against them. the sight was went and chaotic and tender. May's young eyelids heavy and closing.. now she could only hear the crying out of her big compatriot April so assaulted by this loving beast of steel and rivets
[1/2/15, 9:51:43 PM] RATBAT: she whispered to him. 'we love you just the way you are Tex. "
[1/2/15, 9:53:04 PM] RATBAT: This is what all machines want to hear.. just complete acceptance of them.
[1/2/15, 9:53:12 PM] RATBAT: not fear nor mistrust..
[1/2/15, 9:53:21 PM] RATBAT: they just want to be loved like humans want to be loved

[1/2/15, 10:09:22 PM] CerebralError: Tex was growling and grunting, thrusting April down onto his cock, nearly a foot of his metallic masculinity buried inside her. Her toned body rippled with pleasure, squeezing down on him firmly, practically milking him. The bomber's engines thundered, deafening to the girls beneath him, their hair being blown back in the gusts. He was redlining his engines, his throttles maxed out and rattling his whole airframe. His tires strained against the tarmac, the force from his engines trying to push him forward. Tex closed his eyes, holding April tight against his underbelly. He could barely hear the whispers of the girls beneath him, but he -could- hear them. The B-17 clenched, crying out loudly as he spilled his largest load yet, practically exploding inside April's cunt. The backwash surged out from around their coupling, but not a single inch of her womb had escaped from being coated with his seed. Tex continued to pulse and throb inside her for several long moments as his engines slowly spooled down to more survivable rpms, and then finally puttering out. Gallons of his cum pooled beneath his airframe, the girls bodies splattered with it, their bodies glistening. Tex sagged on his landing gear, panting long and hard. Gently, he pulled April free of his cock, releasing a final spurt that sloshed over her belly and dripped off her firm abs. He reached into his bomb bay and retrieved a final pillow, laying her down upon it and gingerly rubbing her breasts and stomach. All of them were spent, utterly and completely, and Tex felt a great amount of satisfaction inside. "I love you girls…all of you…" He rumbled softly, shielding them from the sun, and continuing to express his love to his lovely ladies.

Of course, they would all have to wash up again when they recovered…

Original, RatBat

Other randomness
Hansel and Marion Chapter 22 Clearing the bar

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4 COMMENTS

PKDairinternational 9 years ago

Guest

Just perfect picture! (´∀ `)b° where you studied to draw? Your art looks so professional!

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Its kinda funny, I was going to have Irish dream of nailing a B-17 with a Texas theme. Not a Texas Hold'em but more like 'The more Texas they are, the harder they fall.' Since Texas is known for everything being bigger, and I've had a multitude of friends moving to Texas for some reasons. But really Partick nailed it, what's so great about dumb old Texas? So far the only answers I got where there's work, housing, and things are bigger. Is that really it or are my friends holding back?

Reply

Member

CerebralError 9 years ago

I know I was gushing over this on Skype the other night, but again I wanted to say how awesome this is and you have no idea how happy I am. XD I'll keep working on the story as much as I can. I'm half-tempted to drag my desktop over to my parents house and use it while I'm there.

Reply

Author

Ratbat 9 years ago

Reply to CerebralError

Something That slipped my mind was the fluids comeing from the girl on his glass nose- they are the same machine semen that is coneing from the penis burried in May. This means that by Atoll Lab standards, Tex actually has 4 dicks. That one being used in the nose picture being smaller then average. Whitch is kind of rare but probibly not unheard of for larger machines. The males tend to refrain from useing more then one penis at once because it makes them orgasm too fast.

Reply

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